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OLD AND NEW.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untraveled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the Bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of Heaven rung
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mold a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,—
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One."

—WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

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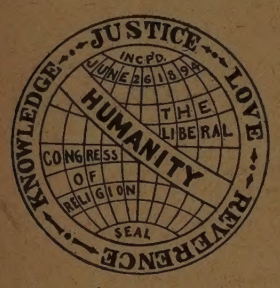
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1897. NUMBER 18.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

The one supreme characteristic of the Victorian reign has been the progress which it has made toward admitting all the people, rich and poor, male and female, noble and plebeian, Anglican and nonconformist, Catholic and Jew, to a full and equal share in all that is going at home or abroad. The people have at last been admitted to enter into its inheritance. And a spacious inheritance it is, and one that has expanded every day since the reign began. W. T. STEAD.

Recently the senior editor met the faithful band of trustees that annually gathers to guard the interests of Antioch College. Messrs. Thayer, Hosmer, Judy, and Miller were all there. Antioch presented the usual pathetic heroism of teachers doing hard and high work at almost day-laborers' wages, and it further presents as a college the commendable example of an institution living within its means, the trustees so administering the trust that no arrearages are left from one year to another. This hard practical habit does not interfere with the high dreaming and noble expectations which is the Horace Mann bequest to Antioch College. Something better on the horizon line is always seen to lure students, faculty, and trustees on in their high and holy quest. The attendance has been well preserved, notwithstanding the hard times, 186 students having matriculated, five graduated in the college course, and five students came in for post-graduate honors. Antioch is still holding ground, groping for its constituency, and seeking the favored Friend or friends who will recognize its opportunity and help it meet the same.

The readers of THE NEW UNITY will join with its editors in wishing our associate, Dr. Hirsch, *bon voyage*. Before this reaches our subscribers, he will be on the deep. May it be merciful to him! Dr. Hirsch goes in search of needed rest. The high strain under which he has worked for years commands a halt. Few ministers sail for Europe with such an emphatic godspeed as that which his congregation gave him on the eve of starting, in the shape of a large assembly which met in the Temple on a midweek evening. Members of his own congregation spoke loving words and presented unquestioned evidence of their love and interest. The editor of THE NEW UNITY was invited to this family party to speak the word of appreciation and farewell on behalf of that larger constituency of Dr. Hirsch, the non-Jewish parish, made up of those who have recognized his scholarship and have found him ringing true on the great civic and ethical questions of the day. Brother Hirsch is still in the vigor of life. Two months' rest to that active brain will make it as good as new, and he expects to be back in ample time to join us in the Nashville Congress, at which he will give one of the leading addresses on "The Bible in the Light of Modern Knowledge."

The *Chicago Vegetarian Monthly* for June is before us. The leading article is by a minister who bases his article in favor of a bloodless diet upon the scriptures. Assuming the golden age of Genesis, which before the flood was vegetarian, it proceeds to build up its argument. But what if there has been no golden age yet? Further along we read about vegetarians who are ashamed of their colors, or the "almost vegetarians," who are cowards. If there are such, we have no word of defense to offer, but there is room for clear thinking on the part of our vegetarian friends, which will give credit, not only of sincerity, but of humanity, gentleness, and an abhorrence of cruelty to those who recognize that there is a difference between the law of sacrifice, which subordinates the lower life to the higher, a law deeply rooted in the necessity of things, the very condition of evolution and wanton cruelty. There is need of a clear statement of this distinction. Our vegetarian friends seem to us to persist in regarding death as a calamity when it comes to the domestic animal, whereas death is inevitable to all creatures, and, humanely speaking, that death is most benignant that comes at the end of the maximum enjoyment of life with the minimum torture of nerve. We all die daily, and we all ought to die daily in the

interest of the higher life and the next cycle above us. We are not now discussing either the hygienic or ethical significance of a vegetarian diet, but we protest against the closing of the large and intricate question which belongs to the expert physician and economist, with a dogmatic ethical dismission.

As might be expected, the splendid work done in Chicago by the non-partisan leaders for the last two years has at last culminated in a new municipal party, that will apply itself to the permanent problems of Chicago politics and Chicago owners, and this seems to us the only solution of the question. The interests of the American city must be divorced from national politics if it is ever to escape the humiliations of corruption and incompetency. Hoping that other cities will go and do likewise, we make room for the declaration of principles of the new municipal party of Chicago:

"We believe in the people.

"We believe in the city of Chicago. We recognize its present greatness and have confidence in its future prosperity. Corruption exists in this community. We insist that it can and must be suppressed.

"We recognize no greater crime against human dignity and human rights than the attempt, whether successful or not, to thwart the will of the people, whether by manipulation of the primaries or by frauds upon the ballot-box.

"We insist upon the duty of investigating the character and record of candidates for public office. We decline to vote for unworthy men upon any pretext whatsoever.

"We deem it self-evident that labor and capital should be fostered and encouraged. The rights of each should be respected by the other.

"We solemnly demand that for every grant to private persons or corporations of public property, or rights and privileges in public property, adequate compensation according to its value shall be paid into the public treasury.

"We demand that the people shall retain the ownership of their franchises, and that all leases thereof shall be for reasonable limited periods of time, so that increases of value shall accrue to the people.

"The levy, collection, and disbursement of taxes, and the management of municipal affairs, is purely a matter of business belonging to the people, and, like private business enterprises, should be conducted by competent persons upon business principles.

"We solemnly demand that municipal officers shall be chosen solely with reference to their capacity and qualifications for administering the affairs of the corporation of Chicago for the benefit of the people of Chicago."

Graduation days are impressive and beautiful. They carry with them an opportunity to the teacher. They present susceptible human nature, but is it not time to cry a halt when the little misses and masters of the grammar schools, not yet out of their pantalettes and knickerbockers, of from twelve to fifteen, issue engraved invitations to exercises to be held at public halls, where they present elaborate programmes, patterned as closely as possible after similar exercises of colleges, the expense for all which is met by the class? and when the city's high schools vie with each other in seeking the largest auditoriums of the city, and put their exercises under the glare, excitement, and artificial fascination of electric lights, all of which is also met by private contributions on the part of the students? All this seems to be unhealthy. It tends to the pernicious assumption of social functions and public demonstrations which has a tendency to leave the life prematurely old, and children yet young will find themselves before they are thirty years old, looking at the world, as Emerson says, "as though it were a sucked orange." If the favored boys and girls in the American public schools begin to graduate with imposing ceremonies at the grammar grade, encounter another four years hence at the high school, three years later at the college, three years after that at the professional school, with possibly post-graduate honors two years subsequent to that, the poor child has encountered a series of five occasions of spectacular beginnings of life's responsibilities, inadequately meeting the same, much of life's strength and elasticity have already been invested. We do not blame the boys and girls. We are glad that they try to rise to these occasions with dignity and honor; but where is the sense of the teachers? Where is the common sense of the administration? With all our schools of pedagogy, professors of sociology, may we not expect a new emphasis of the old education that honored the obscurity of the scholar and the humble simplicity of a student's life? Let the little children of the grammar grades receive their well-earned certificate of study, but let it not be sham sheepskin or mimic parchment. Let it be that modest introduction to the next hard thing to do, not a diploma that would emphasize too much a finished anything. And let the young men and women of our high schools be honored at the close of their hard work, but let it be within the democratic walls of the public school, and in the presence of that limited audience which represent those profoundly concerned, the parents and near friends; and if our public schools have not auditoriums large enough to accommodate such, let there be a reform in school architecture. In most of our city school-buildings the assembly-hall is a growing factor. Let it continue to grow. O teachers, preserve the democracy of the school. Pink satin slippers are in order, but not in the public schools of America. If the teachers are helpless in the hands of foolish parents, then the work of education must become more radical. Let church and school apply themselves to the work of teaching democracy to the American parents and preserving the simplicity of American life which represents degeneracy in every departure from plain living and high thinking. To teach the holiness of simplicity and the simplicity of democracy, is perhaps the highest mission of the public schools of America. Let our normal schools apply themselves to this problem.

Calamity-Howling.

It is charged by some of the ablest and really best of our daily journals that, without exception, the American parties would rather see depressed business, and even financial disaster, than to have prosperity reached under any party or auspices than their own. The New York *Times* insists that the croakers are thus making affairs worse than the facts warrant. There is probably a good deal of truth in this reply; but the facts still remain that American institutions are being tested to their utmost, by influences that are selfish at heart, and so thoroughly lacking in patriotism that the above charge needs but slight modification. Mr. Butterworth of Ohio, the other day, told us that the whole of the political spirit was dominated by the power of wealth; that in fact we had established a new kind of government—the trade government. And the only question in trade circles is, what will be the effect of any course of action upon our investments? He insisted that we must wake up to the fact that we are degenerating in political sentiment, or the republic would come rapidly to an end.

Is this calamity-howling? or is it speaking needful words for the saving of popular government? Not less than a half a dozen volumes of no little power have been issued recently, by such authors as Sir Henry Maine and Mr. William Lecky, to prove that democracy in all its forms has already proved to be a failure. While no one can justly say anything of this sort, it is possible to see that our institutions are being tested quite to the extreme of endurance. The systematic plundering of the people is, however, not because the people have been radically untrusty, but because we have created a wheel within the wheel—a lobby system inside the government—and this lobby stands for petted and favored industries. They are using the people's funds to bribe the people's representatives with. There is not a sign that our institutions are in themselves a failure. The question is, will they stand a system of protected plunderers. One thing stands to a certainty, that we must get rid of our lobby, both in state legislation and in national.

Mr. Wanamaker adds that every party in existence has not only become involved in submission to these immoral forces, but that a new moral party must and will be originated. This seems very probable to a careful student of American history. The year 1800 marked the break-up of a bad set, and the inauguration of Jefferson, with honesty, economy, justice, and death to political trickery. There are some grand signs that indicate that 1800 will be repeated in 1900. Let us, with right purpose, wait the hour and wait the man. We must as American citizens stand for principles, and not for party. We must learn to rise above those organizations that have existed only to enslave us; and create such as shall operate only for the welfare and progress of the moral intelligence of the people.

E. P. P.

The Queen's Jubilee.

The great English celebration has come and gone, and Britain's reputation for staid sobriety, civic dignity, and general good sense seems at this distance to have been nobly sustained. This taking account of moral and intellectual stock, this review of the log-book and the attendant intelligent estimate of the destinies made, the achievements won, and the dangers passed, has great educative value. The civilized world has had new reason to stand in respectful awe of the mighty power represented by the words "Great Britain." The Queen, too, deserves the universal congratulations which she has received. Hers has been a most exceptional experience among crowned heads, having lived through so many vicissitudes, witnessed such growth and so many triumphs within her realm, of which she took scarcely any other part than that of an interested spectator. Victoria's great achievement lies in the fact that she knew enough to keep still and let things alone. She amused herself with her spinning-wheel and her grandchildren, meanwhile taking an intelligent interest in the affairs of the kingdom and giving her sympathies to those measures and men that were making for England's glory, allowing the great minds of England to attend to England's great business. That the crown on her head has become a pretty trinket, though somewhat expensive, all progressive students of English history must admit. The future of this trinket will depend largely on the quality of the head it is to settle down upon. If Prince Albert Edward has grown staid enough and sensible enough to continue the neutral administration of his illustrious mother, if he will partake sufficiently of her good sense to keep hands off, the administration will continue. There is no possibility that he should ever receive the affectionate love and moral respect which his mother has enjoyed, and which has carried with it a large amount of regal power, simply because he does not deserve it; his life thus far has forfeited it. Victoria's life has been clean, sweet, and altogether wholesome, and in this respect she has been a queen, and deserves to wear the crown.

It is not necessary that we should try to add to the voluminous reviews of English triumph in all the departments of life. The outward facts are obvious. A just appreciation of the same implies a liberal education and life-study. We venture the more delicate and difficult problem of casting a glance forward, asking,—how long? and what next? It is the boast of English statesmanship that its government is practically democratic. It is the concession of wise American statesmanship that in many respects England achieves a republicanism in advance of that which the United States has attained. The English government, perhaps more than any other human compact after the Catholic Church, has exem-

plified the law of evolution, has demonstrated its power to adapt itself to changing thoughts and changing circumstances and to appropriate the growing wisdom of mankind. Is this evolution to continue until the crown falls off like the last leaf on the tree, gently, almost without notice, or must there come a time when there will be a conscious crisis, a great throe of the spirit, a noble and final effort to lay aside this and perhaps the last relic of that primitive life and government when might made right and authority was transmitted through birth? Viewed at in this light, the crown is more than a trinket. It is a mighty incubus, because with it goes the far-reaching assumption of nobility, the tremendous unfairness that is transmitted from age to age, from generation to generation, by the laws of primogeniture and the consequent unjust prerogatives that go with measureless landed estates and the awful expensiveness of the favored class in the ecclesiastical as well as the civil realm. In the shadow of the crown do our "lord" and "lady" justify their right to hold counties for hunting purposes, a place to grow game and find sport, while the plodding shepherds, the diligent peasants, dare not shoot a grouse or eat a rabbit? Will it always be so?

Here, as in the realms of religion, there are those who take shelter under the law of evolution and would not interfere; but evolution rises into potency as well as intelligence in human life. Suppose some philosophical capon was to whisper to the chick inside the egg, "Do not peck, my child; you will only break the shell and bring disaster; lie still and let the law of evolution work, and eventually the shell will fall to pieces of itself, and you will be free." Suppose some sage wigwam was to argue against interference with the law of evolution exercised by the young braves who would tame horses, train dogs, and cultivate chickens. Professor Shaler has devoted a whole book to show how civilization is largely a product of this interference of man with evolution, represented by the domestication of animals. In the religious realm we find plenty of people who, like the English statesman, justify their sectarian narrowness, their denominational loyalty, on the score that they must not interfere with the law of evolution; that any growing together that is not unconscious and unsought-for is violent, arbitrary, or revolutionary. But all this is forgetting that the law of battle of which Darwin and Wallace were great expounders—the survival of the fittest—is possible only where the struggle for existence goes on. Complacency never yet evolved a new discovery or utilized an old one. Torpidity and acceptance never yet hatched a chicken, built a school house, or perfected a government. England has an unsolved problem on her hands still, as the United States has a still larger unsolved problem on its hands. England has attained to a practical democracy that is contradicted by its theoretical monarchy. The United States is in the toils of a practical oligarchy or plutocracy or party government, for which we have no one word, which is contradicted by its theoretical democracy. In the United States our theory is far in advance of our practice. In England its practice is far in advance of its theory. The latter state may command more of our respect than the former, but neither state is excellent, and the discrepancy in both cases is a menace, and must be in one way or another corrected. So in the religious world, the liberal who claims a faith in the universal fellowship, but justifies his sectarian loyalties and denominational enthusiasm on the score that he must not interfere with evolution, and he who in the narrow church, and under the traditional creed still carries the open heart and the forward look, granting a fellowship exceeding that justified by his creeds, are both ill adjusted; the one must bring his practice up to his theory, and the other his theory up to his practice before their diamond jubilee becomes a source of unqualified congratulation and unhesitating enthusiasm.

The world may not be growing worse. We do not believe it is; but Dr. Huntington, the rector of Grace Church, in this city, was right in his baccalaureate sermon preached to the graduates of Columbia University from the text: "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand." He told them that it was a capital calamity that the young men who are going out from the opened gates of our universities this summer see confronting them the spectacle of evil triumphant. They see that it is an "evil day" in which the most successful of all the sovereign powers of the world during the past year is the Turk; and they hear the Grand Vizier saying to the Sultan: "I implore your majesty, for the sake of your victorious ancestors, to retain Thessaly. During your glorious reign there have been several questions which Europe has laid stress upon, and upon which you refused to be dictated to—such as the Armenian question and others. What was the result? You gained the victory." The Grand Vizier is right. The Sultan did gain the victory, and Christian Europe, as Dr. Huntington well says, has been walking silent and abashed at Abdul's chariot wheels. Are we then to worship success and might and the larger battalions, and to hold that right is a negligible quantity when we are weighing the scales of conduct? There is a danger that the materialistic philosophy of life may this year teach that lesson; but it is a false lesson; it is a lesson which insects might learn that live but for a day, but it is not the lesson which a true philosophy of life teaches. An obstruction may swerve the tide out of its real course for a little space or a little time, but the eternal heavens move on in their regular course and the tide pursues it great way, and righteousness shall rule and the triumph of Abdul will be short.—*The Independent.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Reason is God's Holy Altar.

I desire to reason with God.—Job xiii, 3.

'T is God's reason in the roses
That in beauty so discloses
Something of His heart;
And His reason in us living,
Through our love, is always giving
Meaning to His art.

Harvests, ripened in their season,
Are His lovings wrought in reason
For our eyes;
All our life in wounds were aching
But that in each thing He 's making
God is wise.

All His glowing heart's affection
Through His reason has direction
To fulfill;
Only love when reason-guided
Can in purpose undivided
Work His will.

Everywhere is reason master,
And creation 's not disaster,
But success;
And all life that doth surrender
To God's wisdom, loving, tender,
Can but bless.

Reason is God's holy altar,
Where our lovings need not falter
In the right:
There the soul's each noble yearning
Mingles with His love that 's burning
True and bright.

So in everything and season
I am finding perfect reason
At its tasks;
Life in reason truly liveth;
Love through reason noble giveth
All life asks.

Thou art reason, O Master of Life, and so thy creation is sane. Thy love through wisdom works out its gracious ends, and so its fervors are not weaknesses, not failures. Into a blossom enters infinite adaptations, so that Thy dream of beauty may awaken into a just wisdom fulfilling its perfect love. Thy dream of a bird awakens through infinite adaptations, a wisdom fulfilling Thy perfect love. Man comes to himself through infinite adaptations, Thy holiest thought of a child fulfilling itself in a wisdom perfecting ever.

Caprice holds not Thy worlds to their gracious work. We are no insane dream in a universe of madness. Thy works are rational. By our reason we know that Thou art reason, and in reason we live and move, and have our being. Whatever changes befall, whatever duties impel, we abide in safety because Thou art a God of reason. In sane and safe ways Thy love is fulfilling itself.

That Thou art doing righteousness we are persuaded in the reasonableness of Thy creation. The sun, so constant in its work, so wise, shines this truth on the fields, in all the visions whereby we know Thy earth is fair. The seasons so faithful return, at gracious work of blessing in their coming, in their fullness, in their passing, are assurance of this truth. The grace of a violet by which it is itself, and not another, is this truth set in beauty. The horse, by itself, distinct, individual, at his own faithful tasks, is this truth set in service.

The harvests of field and orchard, bringing to us the faithful, changeless fruits and grains, is this truth set in kindness. The mothers of earth, bringing forth and nourishing children for Thee, is this truth set in love. Man, in his discoveries, his inventions, his growth and gain, is this truth set in a brother's face, in a great and divine home-likeness. His reason answers to Thine, and Thou art interpreted in Thy works. His wisdom, adapting means unto ends, answers to Thine, and Thou, as a creator, art understood. His moral feelings and judgments, working out into moral acts, answer to Thy moral nature, and Thou, as a righteous and holy Father, art revealed.

Everywhere in Thy creation we find service, the lowly becoming the high, nothing useless at all, nothing wasted, each decay but some task of creation at work. Intelligence martials all things, wisdom determining their nature and their ends. By wisdom, intelligence, and reason in us, we are a rational creation, and so have confidence that every rational expectation must some time and somehow be realized. We expect that in all Thy worlds righteousness prevails, no matter what seems. This is a reasonable expectation, and in our perfected understandings will not disappoint us. We expect that righteousness in us and by us brings Thy peace passing understanding, brings the true worth and gain of life. This is reasonable, and will not disappoint us perfecting in righteousness.

In this present life we do not see this triumph of righteousness, any more than we see the blossom in the forming stalk; and so there must be another world in which righteousness perfects itself; the righteousness we feel and aspire to be and do, and this is reasonable, and cannot know the blight of a disappointment. We expect to find death but a change, an opportunity for noble growth; we believe that beyond its shadows, in the heart of its sunny summers, life will still be at growth and fulfilling, human hearts at their dear companionships, at their holy services; and this is reasonable, and will wither no noble trust in the sirocco of disappointment.

We dare all heights of rational hope, and know our feet shall press them in victory of attainment; for Thou art reason, and in Thee we live, and move, and have our being.

PASTOR QUIET.

Morning.

When the morn has waked the meadows
From their silent sleep and dreams,
And the sun has chased the shadows
And the mists from off the stream;

When the air is fresh and fragrant
With the breath of blooming flowers,
Which the little humming vagrant visits
In the early hour;

When the dewy day is dripping
With the moisture of the morn,
And the happy tribes are tripping
O'er the fields that they adorn;

As the lark has sought the sunlight
In the deepest ether blue,
So my heart yet yearns for one sight,
Just a look of love from you.

PERRY MARSHALL.

New Salem, Massachusetts.

Progress at Joliet.

The Prison and Prison Life.

PART I.

By Winnie Louise Taylor.

The imprisoned population of Illinois—the inmates of the Joliet and Chester penitentiaries and the Pontiac Reformatory—number something above 3,000. It is not a fixed population, but one constantly changing, new men coming in daily, men who have served their sentences going out daily. Within the last ten years more that 20,000 men in our state have come within the influence of our prisons. Made either better or worse by that experience, they have been returned to the community, in their turn extending an influence for good or for evil to unnumbered persons. The ultimate moral effect of our prisons is far-reaching and of great importance. Had this been earlier recognized, crime would not have increased as it has done, nor would the antagonism between society and the criminal have become so strongly defined.

Looking back over the last four years—years darkened by financial anxieties and tragedies, and by terrible developments of poverty among us, with "waves" of suicide, and an alarming increase of insanity—in the face of these depressing facts, it is refreshing to find that in our larger penal institutions there has been a remarkable advance in the right direction, and that at last we are laying firm foundations for the moral improvement and the moral outlook of those within our prisons.

Our State Reformatory at Pontiac, opened three years ago, is already entitled to rank with the celebrated Elmira Reformatory. It was a wise appointment made by Governor Altgeld when the new institution was placed under the superintendence of Maj. R. W. McClaughry, with his many years of practical experience and his exhaustive study of the subject. In addition to his other qualifications, Major McClaughry possesses faith in the possibilities of reformation.

But the subject of this paper is the Joliet Penitentiary. In order to have any appreciation of what has been accomplished there in four years, it is necessary to summarize the previous condition of the prison. Major McClaughry, years before, had brought the institution from a state of demoralization to a condition of discipline widely recognized. For many years afterward the obstacles in the way of really reformatory measures seemed insurmountable.

False economy had forced the commissioners to aim, first of all, to make the prison "pay." The contract system held sway, and the contractors were hard taskmasters, regarding the men only as machines from which the utmost work was to be extracted. Prison physicians sometimes appeared to hold the same view. Profitable workmen were kept at severe tasks until health was hopelessly broken and individuality was blotted out. No recognition was given to the prisoner's right to have strength left him for self-support after release; no recognition of the claim of the state that criminals should be converted into self-supporting men.

Various devices were resorted to by prisoners in order to escape working under the contracts. Illness was feigned to such an extent that it reacted on the men really ill, who were sometimes punished under suspicion of shamming. The broken-down men and those in the early stages of consumption passed their time in the "idle-room," a dreary place of waiting for illness to develop—a place supplied with nothing to read, no interest, no moral influence, no hope. The death rate was not high, as the two diseases characteristic of the place, rheumatism and consumption, were slow in developing, and the majority of the sentences expired before the prisoners died of those diseases. But for years it was remarked in towns which took note of their ex-convicts that man after man came home to die.

The mental atmosphere of the prison was heavy with sullen despondency and distrust, expressed unmistakably in the faces of the men. The dull apathy of unlifting depression settled over young and old alike. Under the contract system the prison had became hidebound. The best of wardens—and the Joliet Penitentiary has been exceptionally fortunate in its wardens—were handicapped between the contractors, unprogressive commissioners, and lack of appropriations from the legislature.

In January, 1893, Warden Allen took charge of the penitentiary. The legislature then in session gave the prison generous appropriations for the needed repairs and improvements. The contract system had been abolished, and the state-shop plan was to be tried, unhindered by lack of necessary funds.

From the first, Governor Altgeld, the prison commissioners, and the warden were united in the purpose to lift the life within the penitentiary to a higher plane. Not only was the warden left free to act in accordance with his judgment, but his plans and measures were systematically furthered by the commissioners.

When the warden assumed his responsibilities, the kindly courtesy, the genial sense of humor, the frankness and simplicity of the man at once disarmed criticism, and the commanding power which is the result of fearlessness and manliness was sensibly felt. The effect upon the prisoners was like the coming of the west wind and the sunlight, bringing fresh vitality and hope into their lives.

But complex and burdensome beyond words were the duties that devolved upon Warden Allen. Now that the contract system was abolished, the financial and business management of the prison was enough to tax the ability of an ordinary man to the utmost, for the warden was confronted with the necessity of employing 1,500 men in industries which would pay the state for their support; and this problem, requiring great concentration of thought and energy, must be grappled in the midst of countless distractions and interruptions. Innumerable details about the institution require the warden's decision; he must grant interviews to prisoners and consider their grievances; distinguished guests from all over the country and state politicians are entertained at the warden's house, and absorb an unlimited amount of his time.

It had been confidently predicted that the employment of prisoners in state shops could not be made a financial success, several other states having failed dismally in the attempt. But Warden Allen believed the contract system to be wrong, resulting in overwork, injustice, and oppression; and he believed that the best and most permanent service he

could render the prison would be to place the state shops upon a firm working and paying basis. This he undertook to do, without former experience in any branch of manufacturing, and in the midst of a financial crisis paralyzing industry all over the country. Plunging into the business with heart, mind, and strength, himself superintending the purchase of raw material at low cost, and studying the markets all over the country, the warden set the men to making harness, saddles, collars, brooms, oak chairs, stockings, etc. A young prisoner who had talent for drawing was trained in ornamental designing for the chair-shop, and became an enthusiast in his line of work.

The effect of the change in the system of work was felt throughout the institution. For the first time the interests of the prison were harmonized and the authority unified under the warden. The authorities are now brought into closer contact and acquaintance with the prisoners, who consequently receive more attention morally and physically; so far as possible men are put at industries which will make them eventually self-supporting, and all branches of the same trade are taught a man so desiring.

In the cooper-shop a man can make a whole barrel. This cooper-shop is a great success and a source of deep satisfaction to the warden. If orders come in rapidly and extra hours of work are needed, the warden has but to go into the shop and say, "Boys, the orders are ahead of the work. I want a certain number of barrels done this week." And the "boys" respond as if they owned the shop. The warden's confidence in them kindles their energy and good-will, and his interest becomes their interest—their lives are in touch with his.

At the National Prison Congress at Denver last year Warden Allen was the representative speaker for the state-shop system, and was able to report that in Illinois it was successful. An excellent class of goods has been manufactured, and, notwithstanding business depression generally, a fair market for the goods has been secured. While all articles are not disposed of as rapidly as manufactured, in some lines the demand is in advance of the supply.

While it is more economical for the prison as an institution to employ a large number of men in few branches of industry, it is better policy for the state at large that the industries should be diversified sufficiently to develop individual talent or aptitude. The impetus given by the World's Fair to ornamentation in architecture has created an increasing demand for skilled handwork, wood carving and inlaying, brass beating and other kindred industries needing no machinery and but little instruction if the prisoner is gifted with the sense of form and skillful in the use of tools.

To utilize prison labor in channels where the pressure of competition is slightest will be the aim of all far-seeing prison management—as it will also be its aim to develop skill and individuality among the workers; but this diversifying of work can come only as a development, gradually, while industries requiring less skill must have the ground temporarily. The efforts of united workmen to throw convict labor out of the market are not only unfair but short-sighted. The entire product of the work of all penal institutions is less than two per cent of the manufactured product to the country. Unless our prisons are self-supporting, the outside workingmen must pay their share of taxes to support them, for the moment we force an individual to be non-supporting we virtually tax ourselves for his support, either in the poorhouse or the prison or the insane asylum. And the more men disqualified for self-support by years of enforced idleness in prison, the greater will be the number of ex-convicts who will resort to crime through necessity, increasing the danger to the life and property of every workingman in the country. Those attempting to suppress convict labor fail to realize, also, that but a comparatively small number of our prisoners are from a strictly criminal class. Our prisoners are recruited from all classes; there is not a profession, nor a trade, nor a labor union which has not its representatives in Joliet Penitentiary, and there is not a family in the state that can be assured that it never will be represented there.

Criminals are men, and their crimes are largely the result of social conditions for which we are all responsible. The true interests of the criminal and of society are always identical—that every man should become qualified for honest self-support, and that all avenues of labor should be open to him.

While working out the industrial problem, Warden Allen did not neglect the unsanitary condition of the prison. Under the direction of the physicians, energetic warfare was begun against the disease-germs which had been propagated through imperfect sewerage and other means. Up to that time there had been no separation of consumptive patients from the others. A new prisoner coming in was liable to be placed in a cell occupied for weeks previously by a man in an advanced stage of consumption. Warden Allen ordered immediate arrangements for a separate ward for consumptives in the hospital, and systematic efforts were made to eradicate the germs from the cell-houses. The sewerage was greatly improved, and other sanitary measures adopted. Many things which had been taken for granted as necessary evils were promptly condemned. The dreary "idle"-room was abolished, and men able to work at all were given light employment out of doors or within the hospital, and those unable to work were sent to the hospital for care.

But as the needs of the sick outran the resources of the hospital, an appropriation was secured and a new building erected. This hospital, recently finished at the cost of $24,500, is one of the best constructed buildings of the kind in the state, and is the pride and glory of the institution. It is finished in hardwood, with the most admirable sanitary arrangements, a fine system of heating and ventilation, and the best modern appliances for cooking. The meals are served from a cheerful dining-room, and everywhere the immaculate cleanness might fill the heart of a Holland housewife with envy. Sunshine floods the rooms and corridors. Convalescents and confirmed invalids gather around the tables, where lie newspapers and magazines; everything is done to restore health and courage to the sick.

Across the south side of the high upper story, where there is no danger of escape, runs an iron balcony, where the convalescents can look out over the hills and woods to the southeast and up into the overarching heavens, drinking in the fresh air and the deep repose and strength of nature.

For the last six years the hospital has been in charge of Drs. Cushing and Fredericks. Dr. Fredericks, who until recently was the resident physician and in constant contact with the prisoners, was a man of winning personality and sympathetic nature, a faithful attendant, and an earnest student. He has made a special study of the treatment of consumption, and is likely to achieve distinction in that line. He was deeply interested, also, in the moral nature and mental idiosyncrasies of the men under his care, and his personal influence has been inspiring and helpful. Many a desolate prisoner found in Dr. Fredericks a friend as well as a physician.

(*To be continued.*)

The Fresh Air Fund.

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief."

"That," says an English writer, "is the actual and the literal truth as regards the lives of tens and hundreds of thousands of people in London at this moment; and this is due, not to any lack of necessary work, but to a terrible extent, at least, to social conditions which permit and compel people to grapple with each other in fierce competition for it." What is true of London is true, also, of Boston, New York, Chicago, and other large centers of commerce. There is plenty of work for everybody. "The main difficulty is that one person is doing two persons' work. Instead of two people doing eight hours' work a day, we have one person doing sixteen hours and the other doing none at all. The life of one is a degrading slavery; the life of the other is a lingering death." One solution of the social problem is that no man or woman shall be allowed to work against their will more than eight hours out of the twenty-four. Just enough work ennobles, glorifies man; too much degrades him. For people to spend twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours a day making nothing but buttonholes or stitching coats, is indeed horrible. But only let the hours be short and the leisure abundant, and there is nothing horrible about it. Let us have shorter hours! In the mean time, while we are preaching the doctrine of a "fair day's work for a fair day's pay," let us help it all we can—every man, every woman—the "Fresh Air Fund" of THE NEW UNITY, thus helping some "overworked young woman get away from the dust and noise and worry of city life for a couple of delightful weeks in the open air and shade, among the birds and wild flowers."

Have just been reading a little book by D. L. Moody, entitled "Heaven: Where It Is, Its Inhabitants, and How to Get There." Brother Moody's heaven is too far away, vague, cloudy. This lovely home-world — the earth — is good enough for common people; why not make the most of it? God has given us the one now; he has not given us the other yet. Felix Holt voices the sentiments of many hard-working men and women these days regarding the church's "offer of the hope of a future life." "They 'll give us plenty of heaven. We may have land *there*. That 's the sort of religion they like — a religion that gives us working-men heaven, and nothing else. But we 'll offer to change with 'em. We 'll give them some of their heaven, and take it out in something for us and our children in this world."

Let us realize a little more heaven here. Let us fix our attention, less on some far-off future world, and more on the present world. To do our duty in the present life is to prepare for the future. The way to love God is to serve man and — woman.

"We all expect to have an outing of some kind this summer. Let us give a little thought to those who can't afford it, especially to these working-girls, who would appreciate it. Let us help the editor on in his noble plan." So says the publisher of THE NEW UNITY. Here's one dollar. Who will help make it a hundred? GEO. N. FALCONER.

Endure.

I cried aloud in agony and pain;
I said; "O, Fate, I cannot stand this strain;
This rack of torture only death can cure."

A space of silence followed, and I heard
A strong, kind voice that uttered just one word
In tone supremely calm; it said: "Endure."

That voice was not an angel nor a man,
But both and everything. From Powers that plan
Through evolution for the good of all.

I felt of all the things that were alive
The fittest for environments should survive,
The most unfit would perish, die, and fall.

My faith was kindled, and my soul grew strong,
And as a prisoner breaks a binding thong,
I broke my trouble, rising free and sure.

That strength would not forsake me; and I know
We all in plans of grand Perfection grow.
Hark to the voice, dear one, that says "Endure."

MARIE HARROLD GARRISON.

A California Houseboat.

A writer in *The Independent* gives an idea of how comfortable and attractive floating quarters can be cheaply made. In San Francisco the old street-cars, retired from active service since electricity has come into use, have been turned into summer homes, small conservatories, children's playhouses, and fruit-stands. But one man of an original turn of mind did better than this. He boughf four of these cars at $15 apiece and loaded them on a pontoon at the water-front. The pontoon is a flatboat, or lighter, and has been used in discharging cargoes from vessels. Its deck dimensions are 36 x 54 over all. On this pontoon he firmly fastened the cars, minus their running-gear, so that they became a part of the boat. They are so placed and partitioned that they make two large and airy rooms, 18 x 24, with a small room for a bath, closet, and kitchen. In each of the large rooms four double bunks are placed, and in the bathroom a cot is kept for the use of the servant. Each of the sleeping apartments is nicely curtained off by a canopy descending from the ceiling. The rooms are thoroughly furnished, are roomy, and as the ventilators have not been removed, there is always a good supply of fresh air. The windows are supplied with bright curtains, and the arched roofs and end hoods have not been removed. Around the outer edge of the pontoon there is a stout railing of hempen netting, and there are davits for a small gasoline excursion launch, and also three sets of them for a corresponding number of rowboats. The view from either side or end of the pontoon, or ark, as it is called, is very fine, and the structure is as good in its way as an observation-car on land. This curious house-boat cost $900 and is rented for the season, being towed to some picturesque cove across the bay.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid.

Washington and the National University.*

By Susanna Phelps Gage, Ph.B.

Sometimes it seems fitting to turn our thoughts to the larger interests of the past and see what lessons we, who are not historians, can learn from history, and find how we may help carry out some useful thought.

Let us turn backward for more than a century, to a military camp lying not far from the town of Boston, where are a few thousand men, ununiformed, poorly provisioned, untrained but enthusiastic, rebels; the foe lying at ease, confident, trained, and with a powerful nation behind them. The rebel leader is the man whom success has since made the idol of all liberty-lovers, for around him have centered all the dreams of idealists, and he has, by the process common in history, been raised into a kind of demigod; the incarnation of all good, the realization in human form of the dreams, the ideals, which the people were willing to lay down their lives for. But he had not at that time been thus transformed; he was not the idol of even the few millions of people scattered along the Atlantic coast, who in a somewhat uncertain spirit had begun a war without fully realizing what it meant. No; Massachusetts had begun an insurrection and on the eve of the battle at Bunker Hill found on her hands a swarm of unpaid recruits to her army, and she must have help in paying them, she must win the support of the South, and so gave the honors to Virginia in return for financial support. Even Virginia held other candidates willing to serve the country as LEADER; but at last Washington was shown, as we would now say, to be the most available candidate; not that Puritan New England could not and did not find many a fault with him. After a careful reading of his latest critical biography by Ford, which mercilessly withdraws the haze and glamor from the hero, there are still left qualities in which we can see why he was the greatest and best, the leader, in a movement of world-wide importance. He had eminent common sense, a just mind, and a great-hearted generosity which could tenderly love a child, encourage a youth to noble living, cherish a friend through all differences of opinion, treat with courtesy a public foe, and forgive a plotting, private enemy, and sometimes turn the enemy to a friend. And this man, only a little better and greater apparently than his fellows, was the commander-in-chief who was encamped in Cambridge in the autumn of 1775.

As the story is told in an old book:† "Major William Blodget went into the quarters of General Washington to complain of the ruinous state of the colleges from the conduct of the militia quartered therein." A young relative of this major, Samuel Blodget, said: "Well, to make amends for those injuries, I hope after our war we shall erect a noble national university at which the youth of all the world may be proud to receive instruction." General Washington replied: "Young man, you are a prophet, inspired to speak what I am confident will one day be true." Thus before the Declaration of Independence, before the contest for freedom was fairly begun, the seed of thought was sown which twenty years later ripened into a deliberate plan.

The long, toilsome war went on, with its discouragements—the people were poor, Congress wrangling, and jealousies and cabals rent the army. Finally, victory and peace came. The demoralization of industries, the poverty and dissensions, at last brought the people to see the need of a closer union than a mere confederation. A constitutional convention was called, and with all their differences, the leaders had one common thought—education must be a central care of the new state. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Adams, Pickering, Franklin, and others wished to establish a national university by act of the Constitution they were framing; but finally the clause was omitted, not because opposed, but because it seemed self evident that this must be a prime motive of action in the new government, without special enactment.

The press, from 1775 to 1789, contained articles on the National University, and so the people were prepared for references to the subject, in President Washington's address to Congress in 1790, in the eloquent farewell address, and the annual message of 1796. Letters to Adams, and Jefferson, and Governor Brooks of Virginia show how near this plan was to his heart, and that he was considering how, as an individual, not an official only, he could further it. Land was chosen by him, and set aside by the Federal commissioners, in the District of Columbia, as a site for the university. Congress approved, but did nothing. As a last act for the public welfare, Washington showed how in earnest had been his talk and his thought, by putting in his will, made July 9, 1799, a provision which carried out his promise made some time before. The fourth provision of his will was for a free school for orphans in Alexandria; the fifth and sixth, for a national university. Read his will carefully, thoughtfully; it expresses the ripe purpose of a great man. Before education are mentioned only the payment of his few lawful debts, the provision for his wife, and his private solution of the slave question—the gift of freedom to the slaves he owned.

For the national university he gave five hundred shares, worth $500 each, in the Potomac canal company. These shares he received for public services in having suggested the vast advantages which the community would derive from the extension of its inland navigation. He had refused these except on condition that he might be permitted "to appropriate the shares to public uses." Then he recites his desire that the youth of the country may receive education at home instead of abroad: in arts, sciences, politics, and good government.

Why should he so greatly desire the higher education of the country—he, a Virginia planter in whose boyhood was so little schooling that spelling and grammar all his life long were his constant enemies, to be watched and guarded against, making him so diffident about writing a message that it is difficult to tell whether Hamilton or Madison are not more responsible than Washington himself, for the ideas as well as for the diction? Then, how could he have made a suggestion which should be so handsomely acknowledged by the legislature? All his experi-

*Read at the Unitarian Church in Ithaca, February 21, 1897.
†See list of references, Blodget.

ence as civil engineer, as colonial soldier, as farmer and land-holder, had prepared him to see where the great highways of commerce must be, and how a rich country lying over the mountains awaited only the channels of communication before filling with fruitful industry. Though he did not have the education of schools, to-day he would stand among the greatly educated men who have eyes and brains to see the larger possibilities of national greatness. Such men as this hold no dearer wish than that the country may have all the men it needs thoroughly trained for the large seeing and careful doing of advancing civilization. The wish was, in Washington, due not only to a theory of general education, but it was a practical factor in his life, for with every ward of his, and with the sons of many old friends, as the young Lafayette, he made every effort to procure thorough education, both by advice and by money gifts.

The first question asked by those for the first time hearing of his will is, With this generous gift as a foundation, with a site still waiting, why do we not have a national university? We can say that party feeling ran high, that congressmen, then, as now, were looking for re-election, that local interests crowded out the general, and the less loud-voiced needs were neglected. In the interval of neglect, the bequest became worthless, since the canal company failed.

From then until now the measure for a National University has had the support of many thoughtful people. Jefferson, Madison, John Quincy Adams, Grant, Hayes, and Secretary Lamar under Cleveland, brought it before the people in repeated messages to Congress, but each successive attempt to get Congressional support has quietly ended in failure.

During the more than fifty years in which slavery, war, and reconstruction held the thought of Congress, the states have, many of them, evolved, and are constantly improving, a magnificent system of instruction from low to high, supported with ever-growing generosity by state and individuals. Many of the universities of our country are greater than Washington or the early leaders could have planned, and have left the old-time narrow college curriculum behind. Science and handicraft have no longer to do battle to be recognized as culture studies. This victory won in the strongholds of learning, the universities, the fruits of victory will be reaped in the common schools, fitting men and women for wider usefulness and giving them truer ideals of life.

With this system growing so gloriously, can any one feel the need of a greater, a national university? There are many men who feel this need, as shown by the National Committee of over three hundred men who are working to bring it about. Its chairman, Governor Hoyt, gives of his very life to it, his labor and his thought; and associated with him are leaders in statesmanship—men like Chief Justice Fuller and Senator Edmunds; leaders in higher education, as Andrew D. White, and the presidents of most of the great universities, and the leaders in public instruction in various states; while educational and scientific associations heartily recommend its establishment. Thrice has the matter come before Congress within a few years; again nothing has resulted.

And now it comes to be understood that the people of this great and wealthy and powerful country must see the need of a crown to the whole fabric of its education before it can be realized, for until they do see the need sufficiently to ask for it, Congress is not liable seriously to consider it.

Why should private citizens, individuals in the mass, each struggling for life, each with more needs than his income will supply, trouble themselves about a national university, where only those who are graduates of a university or college may be admitted, and only the select few who have great ability in some special line may profit by its opportunities?

With the growth of the country and its enlarged interests, and the need to make our every acre of ground productive, to preserve our forests, to make our manufactures ready to compete with those of any nation, to carry our goods to every part of the world, comes the demand for more highly trained experts in every field, to devise new methods and improve old ones. The present method of preparing these experts is wasteful in the extreme. In the school of practical experience, with the stocks and bonds of their trusting fellow-men as capital, they make experiments. They dig oil-wells where no oil is to be found, and manufacture machines which cannot work. They get their experience and the people get theirs. Under wise direction vast amounts of this wild-cat experimenting might be avoided, and money be put into real improvements. Then for our civil service, with a properly equipped national university, we could demand men prepared for their work. Now our most responsible government offices, requiring special knowledge, have to be filled by men who learn their business under government pay. In the interests of national economy, it seems wise that the nation should expend a small fraction of its income in the highest education that is possible to provide.

Many of our young people go abroad for their final preparation for life-work. With a national university, some would continue to go, because a foreign language could be acquired along with the special training. Because they go, is it a reason why we should not furnish the opportunity at home? The argument on this ground in the negative seems very weak. We boast of our greatness, wealth, population, and then let army-ridden Germany and France give advanced education to our young people. No; if the greatest, then we should be the most generous, and in return for all the years in which our youth have gone from home to get ideas in political economy and finance and science and theology, we should now give of our great national resources, that the youth of Germany and Russia, as well as all America, may come and learn these things in an Anglo-Saxon and republican country.

But, it may be said, we need to build from the bottom,—our common schools need more and better teachers and better facilities. Yes, they do need all this. But it is found that every time an advance is made at the sources of knowledge, every time a new fountain of thought is opened, the high schools, then the common schools, get an inspiration for better work. Think what a source of help our colleges are in our common schools. At Albany, in the educational departments, and in the best high schools of the state, there are college graduates with great ideals working to improve the

common school; the inspiration they received from some college teacher they are giving their life to pass on, that through them all may be benefited. Could we give the ablest of our young people the best possible education and the best facilities for work, through them, in time, every common school in the land would be improved.

Our universities are giving to their instructors some of this opportunity for research which it would be desirable for all teachers to have; for a teacher who is worthy of the name must come in direct contact with some of the facts which he teaches; in other words, he must have time to see nature and to think what are the meanings of his observations. But again, think of the great disadvantage at which this is done. A man whose day is spent teaching in a laboratory has little energy left for research, and his summer must, much of it, be given to merely keeping abreast of the work of the year; these disadvantages are still more marked with normal and high school teachers. A greater university than the states or private benefactors can give is needed, toward which the thought of university and high school teacher may turn as a kind of Mecca where his inspiration may be renewed; where he may meet and exchange thought with the few others in the country or world who are advancing knowledge in the field in which he is engaged. Such a teacher extends his influence to every one who is ready to receive it, through books and lectures, and, best of all, through his students. No man who feels that he has found a truth wishes to keep it to himself. The missionary spirit is not dead in those who have spent years in gaining a specialty. They feel that the regeneration of the world would be helped, could the results of their study be applied in the daily life of the people. So that again the national university would send its influence to the common school and the citizen through the renewed enthusiasm of teachers in the higher grades.

One thing more, somewhat less tangible, but none the less real, pure research to find the laws and facts of the universe, with no thought of turning the results into immediate use, for wealth or health or instruction, this will be the highest function of a national university. Think of the years which Priestley spent in finding oxygen, and the years which Lavoisier spent in finding the composition of water,—facts at that time of comparatively little practical importance, and then think that now no practical art or science but is doing better work for the devotion of these men to an idea.

Even if the physical comfort of the race should not be furthered by the investigation, there are other needs as imperative.

There are great questions of interest to every one of us. How may a greater and nobler race of men and women be produced, to keep pace with the marvelously rapid growth of civilization, in comforts and conveniences of living? how increase the brain and moral capacity of the coming generations? We need students to devote long lives to the solution of these problems which are grouped together under the name of heredity.

No child but asks the nature of the unseen power which directs the forces of the universe. And he who would advance the knowledge of any one of the manifesting forces must have the conditions for his labor as perfect as possible, for as Jordan has well said, "All the easy things have been found out," and only the difficult ones remain, those which require time and thought and expensive appliances.

The wealth of a nation could find no greater use than in increasing the knowledge of the laws of force, those immutable laws which give the most exact knowledge we have of the divine universal force, and of those laws of life which to the scientist and philosopher are found to mean love, self-sacrifice, and devotion, and thus reveal throughout living nature another side of the divine character.

For these reasons, then,—for the most economical preparation of experts in special work, private or governmental; for the improvement of education, from the university and its teachers down to the tiniest country school; and for the furtherance of study of those manifestations of God which we call law, and by which we come to a better comprehension of the duties of life,—for these reasons a National University is a purpose worthy for each one of us to give influence towards, and to sacrifice time and thought and money to make a reality.

You and I may reap no reward, we may not live to see the beginning of this noble enterprise, but the highest duty of each generation is to leave behind it some work which shall increase the possibilities of those who are to follow and carry on the work of the world. To this end, co-operation of every force for good in the country is needed. Church and school and patriotic organizations may well unite to bring to fulfillment this dream of the patriots and scholars of the first century of our republic, and especially to do honor to the memory of one of its greatest men, Washington, whom any country would be proud to honor.

Shall we not, on December 14, 1899, one hundred years after the death of Washington, on the site in the city of Washington which he selected, lay the foundation of that university which he desired?

In dangerous and troublesome times Washington and Jefferson and our Revolutionary patriots, by their efforts and high ideals, made possible the prosperous growth of our country. We, in peace, with only finance and tariff, not death, to face, can well say that our duty is to carry on their great work to completion, and give to every individual opportunity to attain the highest intellectual development, and in the search for abstract truth to gain moral power, in order that the continuance of a republic based on universal intelligence and morality may be assured. We may well give our best thought to this work, which makes for patriotism and righteousness.

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A Soul Lost, and Found.

Lo! here another
Soul has gone down!
Hope led each morrow;
Honor was all;
Faith had no fall,
Fortune no frown.
Brother by brother
Bowed to each sorrow.
None had lost heart;
Life was love, life was art.

We could but follow!
Quenchless his fire;
The mightier the burden,
The stronger his soul,
The higher the goal.
Now see the mire
Soil him and swallow!
Heaven! what guerdon
Worth such a cost!
Love, art, life,—lost, all lost.

Down to the pallid
Figure of death
Love's face is pressing;
Listens and waits,
Beseeching the Fates
For heart-beat and breath—
Sign clear and valid,
Life still confessing.
Dead! He is dead!
All is lost!—He has fled.

Behold now, a moving,
A flutter of life!
Forth from the starkness,
Horror and slime
See, he doth climb.
With himself is the strife:
Back to the loving
From mire and the darkness,
Back to the sun!
He has fought—he has won.

—*Richard Watson Gilder*, in *The Independent*.

The Ideal.

There's a road that leads o'er the green, green plain
To the deep dark shade of the murmuring wood,
That winds through the valley of doubt and of pain,
And climbs on the mount of the pure and the good.

It winds up the mountain and ends in a flight
Of wild birds sailing amid the blue sky.
Oh, would that I too were a bird, that I might
Find the end of that road in its windings high!

—*Charles A. Keeler, in The Outlook.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The true environment of the moral life is God.

MON.—Do not quarrel with your lot in life.

TUES.—Is not the life of self-denial the more abundant life?—A clear case of exchange where the advantage is on our side?

WED.—The well-defined spiritual life is not only the highest life, but it is also the most easily lived.

THURS.—Religion comes to us by natural law, not by mystery or caprice.

FRI.—Science speaks to us of much more than numbers of years. It defines degrees of Life.

SAT.—To make religion akin to friendship is simply to give it the highest expression conceivable to man.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

One Little Spent Life.

Just in front of my pew sits a maiden—
A little brown wing on her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure,
And sheen of the sun upon that.
Through the bloom-colored pane shines a glory
By which the vast shadows are stirred;
But I pine for the spirit and splendor
That painted the wing of the bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem;
With the soul of a song it is blent;
But for me, I am sick for the singing
Of one little soul that is spent.
The voice of the curate is gentle,
"No sparrow shall fall to the ground;"
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet
Is mocking the merciful sound.

—*Exchange.*

Helping the Birds to Build.

Twenty-five years ago I was an eager collector of birds' eggs. One day, early in spring, when I was prowling through a low-lying maple thicket, I flushed a woodcock. The poor bird simulated lameness, uttered appealing, bleating noises, and endeavored with all her feeble powers to induce me to pursue her. I knew too much for that, however, and immediately began spying about to find the young.

Poor wee fellows! Two of them, downy, tottering little babies, strove in vain to hide upon the almost bare mold. After locating them, I crept behind some cover and watched to see the mother-bird return. Her anxiety soon drove her homeward. She came fluttering through the saplings, pitched beside her babies, examined them, gripped one between her legs, and carefully bore it away to a safer nook.

So pretty an exhibition of mother-love should have prevented me from further meddling, but I regret to say that it did not. I secured the second fledgling, took it home, and hid it in a box in our outhouse. Needless to say, in the morning the poor little woodcock was dead. Father caught me in the act of examining it, and then and there I got a well-deserved lecture upon senseless cruelty.

"My boy," he concluded, "you have not only broken the law of humanity, but you have broken the law of the land. You not only deserve a sound thrashing, but you are liable to a heavy fine for

molesting that unfortunate bird. Now, I 'll make a bargain with you. If you will stop meddling with birds' nests, forswear the mischievous collecting of eggs, and send what you have to —— Museum, I will overlook the woodcock and will give you my volumes of Wilson's 'American Ornithology.'"

Wilson's beautiful work with colored plates was then something which few boys had ever seen, and we closed the bargain at once. In spite of much handling and reading, the three volumes are as perfect to-day as when they were handed over to me a quarter of a century ago. From them I learned to appreciate the birds, but for a long time it was difficult to abstain from taking eggs, and also from paying too close attention to the birds' building operations. I felt the need of a safety-valve, and at last it was found.

A fragment of old clothesline, with a much-frayed end, hung from an apple branch near my window. One morning a beautiful Baltimore oriole found the prize. He tugged and worked at the rope until he got a strand free, and flew with his building-material to the branch of a giant sycamore. Again and again he came to the rope, and he was so excited and so busy over his priceless find that he fairly fascinated me.

To locate the branch which was to support the nest was an easy matter. The little olive and yellow hen was there, earnestly weaving the strands which were brought by her brilliantly garbed mate. While I watched her, an idea came to me. Back I went to the house, and soon a big tuft of the whitest cotton-batting was suspended beside the bit of rope. The joy of the oriole was good to see. Day after day his velvet and orange coat flashed about the prizes, while a wonderful white bag approached completion under the broad sycamore leaves.

At last, when the nest was nearly finished, I hunted up a couple of troutflies attached to a fragment of gut and silk, and, after filing off the barbs, I placed them on the cotton. The oriole's beady eyes soon discovered the new treasure, and he was almost beside himself with joy. In his first attempt to carry it off it fell to the ground, but he was after it at once, and finally got the whole so doubled in his beak that he could carry it home. The bits of bright color evidently pleased his wife, for the next day a troutfly was plainly discernible upon the side of the white nest.

After the brood had left their swaying bag, I climbed the tree and cut the branch that bore the nest. There were the strands of rope, the cotton, and the flies, the latter, by chance—or was it with an eye to the fitness of things?—fastened about the swell of the nest, exactly where they would show to the best advantage.—*Our Animal Friends.*

A Home.

The best thing for a child is a home. The natural life is the home life. The glory and safety of America is in her homes, and the hope of her future is in the children sheltered by those homes. Her danger and disgrace are in the homeless children, who are growing up to immorality and crime, to want and disease, to be burdens and pests to society, instead of pillars for its support. While it is true that there are some homes that are such in name only, the immense majority are far better than no homes at all.—*A. O. Wright, in The Home Finder.*

Umbrellas and Boots for Dogs.

Blankets for dogs are common enough in American cities, but a newer luxury has been introduced in London, where most foolish practices in the service of animals originate.

In that city the weather is often almost incessantly rainy, and dogs who spend much of their time indoors are said to suffer much from rheumatism contracted from wet feet when they go out. To guard small pets against wetting, two devices have recently been put on the market—dog boots, or nice little rubber "galoshes," with black studs and buttons, and dog umbrellas, attached to a kind of harness which goes around the dog's body. Equipped with these things, the pet dog can accompany his mistress outside the carriage with some assurance of not taking cold.

Besides the rubber boots, there are fancy boots, worn at dog parties, of soft brown Russia leather, with silk lace to match. A set of these is said to cost two guineas, or ten dollars.

The ladies who waste their money in this way often have engraved cards for their dogs, and leave these as they do their own cards when they go calling. The dogs are elaborately dressed on such occasions, and it is said that the ladies who indulge in this amusement are generally very serious about it, and do not seem to be aware that they are doing an extremely childish thing.—*Youths' Companion.*

Spelling Kitten.

A dear little girl,
With her brain in a whirl,
Was asked the word "kitten" to spell;
"K-double i-t—
T-e-n," said she;
And thought she had done very well.
"Has kitten two I's?"
And the teacher's surprise
With mirth and patience was blent.
"*My* kitten *has two*,"
Said Marjory Lou;
And she looked as she felt—quite content.
—*Ladies' Companion.*

Honest Beauty.

A well-known London lady of fashion startled her friends one night by appearing in a drawing-room with hair almost white. Many acquaintances recognized her with difficulty. They had been accustomed to seeing her with jet-black hair.

"O yes," she exclaimed, when rallied upon her change in appearance, "I am weary of having my hair dyed every week! I am going to run the risk of being called an old woman."

But in reality she had not taken any risk of having her increasing age commented upon. She looked younger with her white hair than she had in her glossy black dye. Her face and complexion were brightened by contrast, and she was handsomer and more youthful than before.

In order to grow old gracefully one must not be unduly anxious to cheat Father Time out of his dues. A contented spirit is the best-fitting mask for age.—*Youths' Companion.*

The Persians say of noisy, unreasonable talk, "I hear the sound of the millstone, but I see no meal."

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion"

CHICAGO.—*All Souls Church.*—Mr. Jones closed his work last Sunday by conducting the annual flower festival of the church, after which he rode away on his good horse Roos for Tower Hill, where he will arrive in due time, stopping by the way to lecture in Janesville on "Things Seen and Felt in Italy," and to talk to the old soldiers on the 3rd of July at Spring Green. Hereafter, until September 12th, communications will reach him a little more promptly by addressing directly to Spring Green, Wisconsin. But although Mr. Jones is away, All Souls Church stays and keeps its doors open, which doors have never been closed on a Sunday since the dedication in 1886. The following programme during the entire vacation season will speak for itself. It is a source of pride and satisfaction to the church that out of the eleven services this year ten of them are to be conducted by men, all of them members of the congregation, and all of them bring their own word, wrought out of their own lives. This rejoicing is not because women are not always welcome to All Souls Church and their preaching power an acknowledged fact, but because in years past it has been so much easier to find women than men, that in securing men preachers the church has achieved the harder and riper triumph. Our readers who may be in Chicago, either as visitors or residents during the summer, are invited to preserve this list, and they will be cordially welcomed at the Sunday ministrations of All Souls Church:

July 4.—A Patriotic Service. In charge of Mrs. O. E. Weston, with others.

July 11.—Frederic W. Sanders, Ph.D. "The Bible; What it is, and How it Should be Regarded."

July 18.—George H. Shibley. "Civic Righteousness: The Evolution of Religious Aspiration."

July 25.—Dr. D. H. Galloway. "The Contributions of Medical Science to Morals."

Aug. 1.—George E. Wright. "Hindu Poetry."

Aug. 8.—Hoyt King. "The Hoosier Poet: James Whitcomb Riley."

Aug. 15.—Dr. B. W. Sippy. "Christian Science Viewed from a Medical Standpoint."

Aug. 22.—Dwight H. Perkins. "Some Men I Have Met in Business."

Aug. 29—Alva E. Taylor. "Supernaturalism in Law. A Study in Jurisprudence."

Sept. 5.—Mr. D. V. Samuels. "The Cradle of English Christianity."

Sept. 12.—Silas H. Strawn. "Other Lands Than Ours."

TOLEDO.—Dr. Schreiber, the popular rabbi of Toledo, is to transfer his field of labor to Youngstown, O. The local Toledo paper says of the Youngstown congregation: "Dr. Hirsch of Chicago says it is one of the most active and enthusiastic congregations in the country. Every Hebrew man, woman, and child is a member thereof, and that is saying a great deal." THE NEW UNITY wishes Dr. Schreiber continued success in his new field.

Old and New.

"Lady Betty Cunningham, having had some difference of opinion with the parish minister, instead of putting her usual contribution in the collection-plate, merely gave a stately bow. This having occurred several Sundays in succession, the elder in charge of the plate at last lost patience, and blurted out: 'We cud dae wi' less o' yer manners and mair o' yer siller, ma leddy.' Dining on one occasion at the house of a nobleman, Dr. Chalmers happened to repeat the anecdote, whereupon the host, in a not overwell pleased tone, said: 'Are you aware, Dr. Chalmers, that Lady Betty is a relative of mine?' 'I was not aware, my lord,' replied the doctor, 'but with your permission I shall mention the fact the next time I tell the story.'"—*N. Y. Observer.*

Don't bear the burden of the washboard any longer. Hasn't it caused enough damage and trouble and weariness? Do you realize the amount of wear and tear that it brings to your clothes in a single year? Get Pearline—get rid of the wash-board and that eternal rubbing. Be a free woman. You ought to see for yourself that Pearline's easy way of washing—soaking, boiling, rinsing—is better for the clothes and better for you. 518

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"A naughty boy one day eluded punishment by creeping under the bed, where his mother could not reach him. Shortly after, his father came, and when told of the state of affairs, crawled on his hands and knees in search of his son and heir, when, to his astonishment, he was greeted with the inquiry: 'Is she after you, too, father?'"—*Exchange.*

If there is a sleepy-head in your house, which is not improbable, says an exchange, you will especially appreciate this morsel: "A traveling man put up for the night at the leading hotel in a small town, and before retiring left very particular instructions to be called in time for an early train. Early in the morning the guest was disturbed by a lively tattoo upon the door. "Well?" he demanded, sleepily. "I've got an important message for you," replied the bell-boy. The guest was up in an instant, opened the door, and received from the boy a large envelope. He tore it open hastily, and inside found a slip of paper on which was written in large letters, "Why don't you get up?" He got up.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Three places at least are known where green snow is found. One of these places is near Mt. Hecla, Iceland; another fourteen miles east of the mouth of the Obi; and the third near Quito, South America.

Violet—"How did Mr. Bighed come to accept the doctrine of reincarnation?"

Rose—"Well, you know, he always had an impression that the world could n't get along without him, and if that is so, it stands to reason that he will have to come back."—*Truth.*

THE LARGEST WATER RESERVOIR IN THE WORLD is now in process of construction by the city of Boston, its intended capacity reaching the enormous figure of 65 billions of gallons, or enough to supply that city for three and one half years, and four times as much as the capacity of all its existing waterworks reservoirs. The vast capacity

named is twice that of the new Croton reservoir of New York, thrice that of the six reservoirs of Birmingham in England, thirty times that of the Cochituate of Boston, and will hold more water than Boston's inner harbor. The dam is located at Clinton, Mass., and the vast volume of water, covering over 4,000 acres, will be entrapt and retained by a dam some 1,250 feet long, 127 feet high above the ground, and some 158 feet high above its rock foundation. No such immense engineering work has ever before been undertaken in New England.—*The Voice.*

THE ONLY PEARL FARM IN THE WORLD.—This farm is in the Torres strait, at the northern extremity of Australia, and belongs to James Clark, of Queensland. Mr. Clark, who is known as "the king of the pearl-fishers," originally stocked it with 150,000 pearl oysters. Now 1,500 men—200 of whom are divers—and 250 vessels are employed in harvesting the crop. "I have been 15 years engaged in pearl fishing," Mr. Clark told a correspondent of *The Melbourne Age*. "My experience has led me to the belief that, with proper intelligence in the selection of a place, one can raise pearl oysters. I started my farm three years ago, and have stocked it with shells which I obtained in many instances far out at sea. My pearl-shell farm covers 500 square miles. Over most of it the water is shallow. In shallow water shells attain the largest size. I ship my pearls to London in my own vessels. The catch each year runs, roughly speaking, from £40,000 worth up to almost five times that amount.—*The Voice.*

A CANAL 3,500 YEARS OLD.—There is in Egypt to-day, says the New York *Journal*, a canal known as the Bahr-Joussuff, or Canal of Joseph, which was built by Joseph, the son of Jacob, during the years that he was prime minister of the Egyptian king. The remarkable thing about this canal is that it is still serving the chief purpose for which it was built —that of irrigation. The fertile province of Fayoum is absolutely dependent upon it. This canal is now over 3,500 years old. It is hardly probable that any other engineering work in the world has such a record of combined utility and antiquity. The canal takes its rise from the Nile, at Asiut, and runs almost parallel with it for nearly 250 miles, creeping along under the western cliffs of the Nile valley, with many a bend and winding, until at length it gains an eminence as compared with the river-bed which enables it to turn westward through a narrow pass and enter a district which is otherwise shut off from the fertilizing floods on which all vegetation in Egypt depends.—*The Voice.*

There is a beautiful and suggestive story told of an old musician and his pupil which we can all afford to take to heart. "Why," asked the master, "have you come back to Bologna? You are already the most accomplished singer in the world."—"Because," answered the pupil, "I feel that I have not yet fairly begun to know how to sing"—"Ah," replied his teacher, "that is what none of us will ever know in this world; for when we are young we have the voice, but not the art; and when we are old we have the art, but not the voice." —*Music Trade Review.*

A Scotch cobbler, described on the books as a "notorious offender," was sentenced by a Forfar magistrate to pay a fine of half a crown, or, in default, twenty-four hours' hard labor. If he chose the latter, he would be taken to the jail at Perth. "Then I'll go to Perth," he said, "for I have some business there." An official conveyed him there, but when the cobbler reached the jail he said he would pay the fine. The governor found he would have to take it. "And now," said the cobbler, "I want my fare home." The governor demurred, but discovered there was no alternative; the prisoner must be sent at the public expen e to the place he had been brought from. So the canny Scott got the 2s. 8½d., which represented his fare, did his business, and returned home triumphant—two pence halfpenny and a railway ride the better for the offense.—*Boston Transcript.*

The towns of Woodsdale, Moscow, Springfield, and Fargo, in Kansas, which had a population of 1,100 in 1890, have now only a population of eighteen, according to a correspondent of *The United States Investor*. Hugoton has three families out of the four hundred that used to live there. Nine children go to the $10,000 schoolhouse, and there is standing, like a monument of folly, a water-works system that cost some Eastern plutocrat $86,000. The town never paid a cent of principal or interest on all this, and never will.—*Boston Transcript.*

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I. A popular interpretation of the Greek dramatists, by Henry M. Simmons of Minneapolis, lectures to be given on alternate evenings, as follows:

1. Introductory, on the Greek Drama and Dramatists.
2. Æschylus' "Prometheus."
3. Sophocles' "Antigone," and connected Theban Plays.
4. Euripides' "Medeia."
5. Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis" and Æschylus, "Agamemnon."
6. The Orestean Plays.

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3. Hawthorne's "Marble Faun."
4. Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities."
5. Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables."

III. A Search for Ten Great Poems in English literature, consisting of interpretative readings by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the selection of the poems being based on the estimate of a large number of prominent students of literature. It will be a companion study with the search for "Ten Great Novels," the results of which were published by Mr. Jones in 1884. This exercise will be conducted in the forenoons.

IV. Interesting features of Wisconsin geology, consisting of three afternoon talks and three afternoon excursions, by Prof. E. C. Perisho, of the State Normal School of Platteville, Wisconsin.

V. A study of birds, with special reference to the birds within sight and hearing, consisting of three afternoon talks and three afternoon excursions conducted by O. G. Libby, Ph. D., University of Wisconsin.

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For Mr. Jones' course, read as many of the novels themselves as possible. For "The Ten Great Poems," a little pamphlet will be published containing the correspondence, and will be ready for distribution, it is hoped, by the 1st of July. This and the companion pamphlet on "The Ten Great Novels" can be ordered from the office of THE NEW UNITY, Chicago.

For Mr. Perisho's work, any standard work on geology, such as "Geology of Wisconsin," Vol. I, Chap. 4 to 9, and 15; the pre-Cambrian, Cambrian, and Silurian Ages, as treated in Dana's, American Book Co.; Le Conte's, Appleton Co., or Shaler's "Aspects of the Earth," Chas. Scribner & Sons; "The Story of Our Continent," Ginn & Co.

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From first to last Mr. Jones has dwelt upon statements that stand for unity, has chosen those eloquent and heartfelt representative addresses that most clearly demonstrate the feeling of brotherhood. Even in the arrangement and classification of topics he has shown a rare discriminative faculty, and a loving desire to hold up the finely woven and most perfect pattern of human ideals. After the purposeful introduction, and the words of greeting given by different delegates from home and foreign lands, we find the record proceeding under such significant headings as "Harmony of the Prophets," "Holy Bibles," "Unity in Ethics," "Brotherhood," "The Soul," "The Thought of God," "The Crowning Day," "Farewell," and "Appendix." Under each of these topics is grouped the corresponding views of the different religions, and the thread of unity is most vividly maintained and easily discerned. In the grand "Chorus" there is no discord. Every voice strikes the keynote, and an outburst of harmony is the result.

To the one who thinks, speaks, and lives for Unity, this task of bringing out the unity of revelation, of purpose, of aspiration, of faith, of accomplishment, has evidently been but a delightful privilege, which may be appreciated, if not shared, by those who read the book. As a literary production the "Chorus of Faiths" is a clean-cut cameo profile of the Parliament of Religions.

In conclusion, in the words of a thoughtful and earnest woman: "The keynote of the Parliament in Chicago was the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. We predict that the keynote of the next Parliament will be the Motherhood of God and the Womanhood of man."—HELEN VAN-ANDERSON, *in the Arena.*

A CHORUS OF FAITH.—The Parliament of Religions in Chicago marked an epoch in the world's religious thought. It was a convention in which men of every creed and race met in amity and charity to compare their deepest and most sacred thoughts. Matters of difference were not made prominent. The real kernel of religion was sought far beneath the burrs and husks that have too often and too long been the only vision of the initiated and hostile.

The record of the great convocation is a surprise to its most ardent friends. Words that were said by Buddhist might have been transposed into the mouth of the Romanist, while the Greek Church found its utmost essence not differing from the highest thought of its arch-enemy under the Crescent. Through all the discourses ran a harmony of thought promising a new day in religions when men shall cease to wrangle over their differences and shall magnify their points of likeness and endeavor to get closer together.

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It is much more than the work of any one man, however eminent in the field of religion, and Mr. Jones can well claim great success in compilation. It gives the best thought of the best minds in the world to-day.—*Ansonia Sentinel, Ansonia, Conn.*

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The general title of the volume is "The Faith that Makes Faithful."—*Madison Democrat.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This little volume embraces the following essays, or little sermons: "Blessed be Drudgery," "Faithfulness," "I Had a Friend," "Tenderness," "A Cup of Cold Water," "The Seamless Robe," "Wrestling and Blessing," and "The Divine Benediction." Each author has contributed equally to the book, and both have given to the public many beautiful thoughts clothed in beautiful language. The essays are, in part, didactic, and contain reflections upon life in the different subjects treated that are not only interesting, but inspiring. Could the lessons taught be so impressed that they would be heeded, life would be made better for many people whose existence would become less purposeless. The faith found in this volume, if heeded—if made as much a part of the individual as it is a part of the book—will make faithful many who would be much better by having read the essays.—*The Current.*

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